

For Chief Crazy Horse

(Executed by the U.S. Government, 1877)

Steel-headed bullets  
clawed at the wall behind you;  
the dust they gouged  
did not completely bury you.

Our short hairs quiver  
in the night  
we see you still  
wheeling by  
stuck to your pony's  
strong hot belly.

Feeding the Goldfish

(the Japanese Gardens, San Jose, January 1971)

Swollen into mottled and faded  
yellows, reds, and browns,  
much too large and far too many  
for this placid pond --  
they float up sluggishly  
like long-dead corpses  
to mouth with indifference  
the stale chunks  
I crumble down,

until a slip of my thumb  
against the rock-hard loaf  
grates bloody bits of me  
down into  
the suddenly churning water.

-- Terence Malley

Brooklyn, NY

THAT STRANGE SINGING

across the meadow  
and deer tracks  
after the rain